

HUNTED

Can you recall, the first time you were betrayed, by someone, you thought you really loved?

Go ahead Cameran, pull the fucking gun...

I thought you would understand, I thought there could be trust, now what?

Grappling the gun like a clenched fist. How could you destroy my life this way?

You, fucking, traitor!!! Karols face splattered into the floor.

Blood pasted the surrounding lightshades.

I stood there for a few minutes, trying to catch my breath, trying to hold back the tears...

I felt alone again, despite having a corpse in the room next to me. I was already sick of the

smell. Nobody understands this pain right now but me, but I shouldn't say I was the only one

going through this...Fuck...It's just too painful.

I wiped down the barrel then took a long shower...It felt like a lifetime had gone by in only two hours of hell on earth. I got back into my black car, a sedan.

I was barely awake enough to light a cigarette. I watched the grey clouds hoam by.

I hope those trash bags were big enough to keep the blood soaked inside.

My anxiety began to grow as I tossed out the wigs and credit card stems.

I pulled over to the side of the road and began to cry uncontrollably.

Did I become the helper, or the monster? The depression started to kick in...

I don't even know what it means to be human anymore.

I started up the gas again, only to witness a blood drenched bodie smash on to my front car hood...I think it has begun...They are hunting me...

I abandoned the car at the Botanical Jungle Centre.

Stumbling on to a pathway in the dark, I almost skinned my knee in a snake pit.

It started to rain. For a second, I could feel at ease behind the palm trees, but my body was

still remaining alert for any sounds of gunshots...

I turned my head slowly as a gradual digestive roar bewildered my right ear.

This giant canine-like creature began chomping on my arm like a disposable bone.

I pushed it on the fence with my gun, but it kept biting, and biting, so I bashed it relentlessly

on the nose with the butt of my gun. Laying in a pool of its own blood, I grabbed my composure for five seconds and ran off deeper into the path.

I got to the edge of the botanical gate. The rain was now pouring non-stop.

A light had shined upon my back. Bullets flared like a fucking frenzy of piranhas.

David Ryans corpse lay slumped into the soil like a rag doll...